[Third Article.] - We resume our notices of the works new ex-

behiting at the National Academy. No. of STRIBLES OFF ! POREST SCRIE IN EARLY Spaine A. F. Tair, A. This young artist paints vertain objects with more ability, not a glimmer of which, however, is displayed in this picture, which has we other recommendation than that of bring an indecrees subject, and frue in its details. It lacks tone and imagination, two qualities that are indispensable to all a pointing out of the region of mechanical art.

No. 51, PORTRAIT OF A LADY OF HARTFORD-H Peruns Gray, N. A. Mr. Gray has fallen into a disbreesing mannerism. a chronic idiosyncrasy of color, which resides one of his portraits just as good as We have never known so respectable an with with so little variety in his method of treating amother. ais audicers. No. 51 is said to be a good portrait.

No. 20. H. K. BROWN-Ground PULLER, A - This wa very carefully painted picture, and an exceedingly

good likeness of the subject.

No. 33 Servences-A. Ferdences.-There is great display of recks in this picture, and the pecularity about them is that they have the appearance of being covered with velvet. The smugglers themsolves are evidently Spaniards, by their costume, and they are rather accessory to the composition then the principal objects.

No. 34. SARTEL-HENRY F. DARRY .- Why the figure of a maked woman sitting on the side of a bed should be called Samuel perhaps the artist can explan but we cannot. The hangers did well in putmeg the work as chose up against the ceiling as they

No. 35. PORTRAIT OF A LAD-W. T. MATHEWS .-This may be a good picture, and if it were hung where it could be seen we should be able to pronounce as

No. 36. PORTRAIT OF A LADY-CHARLES L. ELLIOT, K. A - This is a very striking head, in Mr. Elliot's characteristic manner; the lips are rather too positively wermill on tinted, and the cheeks cause unpleasant sug

No. 37. HIGH PEAK, NORTH CONWAY, N.H -R. W. RUBBARD, A - Let us thank the Hanging Committee for a good position for this quiet and unobtrusive picture, where its beauties can be seen. It is not one of th staring kind that attracts the eye of the careless spec later, but after repeated examinations of it we are disposed to consider it one of the best landscapes in the exhibition. The most palpable defect in it is the figares, but they may be easily blotted out by the artist, and we would advise him to do so. The foliage in this piece is incomparably fine, and the whole picture displays the most faithful study of nature and close observance of her mysteries. Mr. Hubbard always gives his landscapes an atmosphere, which some of our more eminent landscapists seem to think of little importance.

No. 18. VALUEY OF THE ADIGE, TYROL-E. W. NICEOLS.—A commonplace view painted in a very conventional and commonplace manner.

No. 59. STUDY HEAD: A SKETCH.-GEO. A. BAKER, N. A .- Lake Mr. Baker's female heads generally this is full of sweetness and grace. He should make the pertraits of pretty women his specialty and refuse to paint any other, and then all the women will be exious to sit to him, and he can make his selection from them.

No. 60. THE CARD PLAYERS-E. JOHNSON,-The name of Mr. Johnson is new to us, and by referring to the index we find that he resides in the District of Co lumbia. But, if unknown now he will soon be deterré as Pope said of Johnson on reading his London. It is one of the most remarkable pictures in the exhibition and it can hardly fail to impress its images on the mind of every one who glances at it. The subject is low, coarse, villatnous and vulgar. Two ruffically vagabonds are playing old sledge in a schoekingly dilapl dated spartment, and a youngster and a little shock headed child are looking on. The elder player has just thrown down an ace of hearts, and the exacting look of knavish triumph with which he points at it might become a doughfaced member of Congress who had just betrayed his country to secure himself a place in the Custom-House. But doughfaces are not apt to have such a look of good, hearty conceit of themselves as this old fellow with the rubicand visage. The vigor and expression of the figures which form the group in this composition are truly wonderful; the little child, with its dirt and rags and beaming face, its seriousness and flesh-and blood ness; all the details of the apartment given with a minuteness and fidelity which resemble a photograph, and yet so subordinated as to rather highten the general effect than to divide attention with the card players, sender it a picture of extraordinary merit.

No. 61. ALL TALK AND NO WORK-F. W. EDMONDS, N. A .- This is the nearest approach to Mount's style, which Mr. Edmonds seems to aim at copying, that we have seen. But it is Mount's manner without his meaning. The scene represented is the interior of a barn, and the figures are a white man and a negro.

Nothing more.

No. 62, Hon. WM. L. MARCY-F. B. CARPENTER, A .- All that the artist has aimed at in this portrait is to give a truthful representation; and he has succeeded. But Mr. Marcy would impress one much more favorably than this portrait, and therefore it cannot be called a good one. A good portrait will never undervalue its subject.

No. 63. Rose Gles, NEAR GENEVA, N. Y .- F. P. SHELL.-Why this ragged piece of landscape should be called Rose Glen puzzles us as much as some of the other names on the catalogue. Roses do not grow in such glens as this.

No. 64. PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN-J. H. WRIGHT .- Nothing in particular.

No. 65. SPRING-EDWARD BOWERS,-A child with

No. 66. REMAINS OF FORT FAMINE, STRAITS OF MAGRILLAN-WM. HEINE .- A very dismal picture of a very dismal scene. Though the sun is shining it is very gloomy. As a view of a part of the world where artists have very rarely penetrated, it has a degree of

interest which many better paintings do not possess. No. 67. A MORNING IN DAMASCUS-THOMAS HICKS N. A .- If anything could show how cosmopolitan we have become, and how our countrymen are running to and fro over the earth, the accidental position of these two pictures, (this and No. 66,) would. No. 66 represents a scene, taken from life, in the Straits of Magellan,

and No. 67 is a Morning in Damascus, with one of our equaintance sitting on the roof of a house, clad like n Oriental, and smoking a narghilly. The two extremes of the earth hung up together: one full of gloom and the other full of sunshine. For some cause which we cannot find in the picture itself, No. 67 appears to operate as a kind of whetstone upon the faculties of the critics who come here to sharpen their steel pens. No. 67 is simply a very brilliant picture, in which the artist has most boldly attempted to represent an out-door scene in the clear sunlight of an Eastern morning, and, placing himself upon the top of a house, rejects all the aid which might have been derived from the picturesque architectural accessions that are so serviceable painters. He has given us broad daylight, with a distant view of the Eye of the East lying in the brilliant atmosphere, and has succeeded admirably in his bold attempt. The principal figure is a gentleman dressed in the conventional habiliments of the Orient and sitting as we have always been taught to believe men do who wear turbans, and needs must in coun tries where there are no chairs. The gentleman thus pleasantly circumstanced has just partaken of a hearty breakfast, (we infer that it was a hearty one, because the attendant who is bearing off the remains has nothing left upon his waiter but a solitary radish,) and has just conneenced smoking his narghilly. Fault has been found with the sitter's leg, which, we must confess, is rather long, and looks as though it we capable of going over a good deal of ground in a very

short time. And that is the very ideal leg that ever

one of the mest persevering and accomplished travelers of the day, who only stops to at down for the purpere of giving the world an account of where he has been and what he has seen. The gentleman in the turban is said to be a portrait of Bayard Taylor, and those who know him most intimately think the most favorably of it as a likeness. As to his leg, which has been so severely criticised, all that we have to say about it is, that a man of his standing as a pedestrian ought to have just such a pair of limbs; and we have no doubt that the artist, whom nobody ever accused of a lack of fidelity to his subject, has not in the slight est degree exaggerated its proportions.

No. 68. LANDSCAPE-TILION - We offended our amiable friend Degberry by asking just now, as we passed that piece of bronze leather, No. 40, "Who is Samuel Laurence 1" One Samuel Laurence we knew -the admirable and amiable artist whose exquisite crayen portraits have been so justly admired; whose calized head of Thackeray, and most satisfying head of Ternyson, we have all seen and loved; and who has given us a portrait of Longfellow which has the rare merit of being a speaking likeness and at the same time a poetical representation of the author of Evangehine-but we did not recognize the accomplished artist of the same name in this portrait on canwhich seems to have been painted by somebody afflicted with color-blindness, who cannot distinguish any difference between the tints of living fiesh and the dead color of tanned sole leather. This happens to be the case with Mr. Laurence. Nature appears to his vision in lines of black and white, and, therefore, with his sensitive discernment of forms, he most paturally chooses chalk and charcoal as vehicles for the expression of his ideas. He does right. He is not the only fine artist who has no perception of color. Maclise and Ary Scheffer are in the same condition, as are the majority of the French school.

If our amiable friend Dogberry, (the Dogberrys ar always amiable,) will permit, we will ask, who is Tilton? There may be something in Tilton's land scape; but precisely what that is excellent, beyond its low tene and harmony of color, we cannot decide from seeing it here. It is a dark landscape, and may have innumerable beauties which long study might

No. 69. STUDY FROM NEWPORT-EDWARD C. POST ... The foreground and the rolling of the surf in this little sea-side picture are very good; what is better, it indicates more than it expresses.

No. 70. MILL AT CLARKSTOWN, ROCKLAND Co., N. Y .- J. H. HILL .- A very creditable landscape

No. 71. IL VIRTUOSO-EDWIN WHITE, N. A .- Il Virtuoso is a man in a velvet cap and red legeasings, examining a coin or a medal. No fault is to be found with the picture. The subject is perfectly expressed, the figure well drawn, and the color good. But there is nothing in it. There is nothing that appeals to the sympathies of the spectator, or that suggests anything to the imagination. In Landseer's picture of "The Mourger" there is but one figure, and that figure is a dog; but whet volumes of thought there is in his action as he rests his head against the coffin, which, imagination tells us, contains the dead body of his master! If Mr. White had any fancy or imagination, why could be not put some of it into this well-painted picture? The figure of a man in red leggings is nothing to us, and so we move on to No. 72. HAPPY FAMILY; QUAIL AND YOUNG-A.

F. TAIT, A .- No. 72 is full of freshness and genius The Quail Family have strong claims upon our leniency and admiration. It is impossible that any such family ever sat to Mr. Tait for their portraits, yet how perfectly has he depicted them all. The old cock, like a careful sentinel, with his head erect to catch the first sound of approaching danger; the old hen, so full of motherly tenderness and affection; and the little quails, nursling dependents upon her care, are as happy and innocent, as free from forebodings of evil as though there were no such things as rifles and percussion caps in the world. This is one of the finest pictures in the Exhibition, and amply atones for the wo or three indifferent performances by Mr. Tait which are hung in the vicinity.

No. 72. La Sierra Maestra Mountains, from

LA SOCAPA, St. JAGO DE CUBA .- A long name for a very indifferent picture. No. 74. PORTRAIT OF A LADY-D. A. HUSTING

TON, N. A .- Nearly a full-length, in the best style of the artist.

No. 75. THE SWORD-J. W. EHNINGER .- A pretty little picture, perfect as far as it goes, like a single stanza of a long poem. But it does not go far enough The tone, color and manner of treatment are altogether worthy of praise, but the subject is meager and void of interest. A noble-looking old warrior, in a cuirass, stands looking at the blade of a sword. But what he intends doing with it, or why he examines it, what his thoughts are, and what his purposes, there is nothing to suggest. The ability displayed in such monographs as this is merely mechanical; but it is mechanical ability of a very superior order.

By the way, we may as well whisper a word here in the ear of our friend Dogberry, whose brilliances we alluded to just now. There is no occasion for a Dogberry with a pen in his hand to call upon any one else to write him down an ass, for he will not fail to do that thing himself. Ich Dien, Dogberry, is not German, nor is Penlimmon a mountain, as you seem to imagine.

No. 76, PORTRAIT-E. D. E. GREENE,-This artist exhibited two female heads a few years since which attracted considerable attention at the time, by their exquisite delicacy of finish and the sentiment of purity and grace with which they were invested. The present portrait is in the same style-the profile view of a beautiful woman's face. It looks like an attempt to imitate a pastille in oil.

No. 77. Evening at Pastum-J. F. CROPSEY. All evenings at Pæstum are not like this, but they should be, for the misty light and lurid horizon perfectly harmonize with the solemn ruins of the temple whose origin no man knows.

No. 78, The Old Barn-Geo, A. Baker, N. A -There are a good many queer misnames on the Catalogue. But this is the queerest of all. Why should a hearty old gentleman with a white beard, a leathern belt around his capacious paunch, and a glass of ale in his hand, be called the old barn ?

No. 79. MEADOWS AT GLENMARY - ADDISON RICHARDS, N. A .- A very slight and sketchy view of a mendow

No. 80. MOUNT HOLYOKE-F. J. PERKINS. No. 81, STUDY OF ROCKS-A. D. SHATTUCK.-Small, but decidedly rocky. A geologist would know how to

prize it. No. 82. RIVER SCENE IN WINTER-W. C. POTTER. Mr. Potter may have seen ice that had this glassy look, but we have not.

No. 83. SEA COAST-G. L. BROWS,-Mr. Brown has barely escaped being a great landscape painter. The admirable quality of his pictures, which distin guishes them from nearly all the works of our other artists, is the appearance of solidity and finish they have. They do not look like sketches, nor have an appearance of rawness or flimsiness. It is a good solid and substantial scene he puts before-us; his rock have hardness, his water has motion, depth and wet ness; his boats cleave their way through the wave his architecture has a firm base to rest upon, and his distances are distant. Parts of his pictures are superlatively fine, and he gives us better surf than any other artist we can name. But, with all his ex cellencies he has so many defects that his landscape are not satisfying, owing to their incompleteness. In the work before us, which contains many of his good points the rocks which form the bridge, the hole in the wall, are nothing better than an unmeaning heap

of rubbish. No. 84. HEAD OF A SCOTCH TERRIER-WILLIAM J HAYs .- An unexceptional head of a terrier, quite as natural and disagreeable as life.

No 85, SUSSET-R. S. PYNE. No. 86, THE YOUNG HUSBAND, and No. 54, THE

You so Witz-L. M. Struck - The first of these pie or should be regarded as peculiarly appropriate to represents the "first marketing," and the second the

"first stew." They are thoroughly vulgar and coarse, but thoroughly good in their way. The man carrying home the marketing is but a sorry-looking husband, bushis marketing is painted with marvelon skill. The young wife is engaged in the agreeable duty of slicing onions, and the greatest of the Dutch masters could not have given a better, or at least a more striking illustration of the subject. Mrs. Spencer is really a marvelous manipulator with her brush, and, if she only had a little imagination, she might become

a great artist. No. 87. Scenery OF Essex County-James M. HART .- This is an admirable, thoughnot a very pleasant picture. It is full of light, and the details are painted with great fidelity to nature. But it is too large. It would appear to much better advantage is viewed through an inverted telescope.

No. 88. PORTRAIT OF A LADY-E. MOONEY, N. A. No. 89. PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAS-C. W. JEN-

No. 90. Ex-Governor Washington Hunt-Chas-I. ELLIOTT, N. A .- This is a full length portrait of the ex Governor, standing full upright, with his hat in his hand, his overscoat across his arm, and about to descend a marble staircase, as though he were in the act of quitting office. The pertrait is a strikingly good one. It was painted for the Governor's Room in the City Hall. But what an awkward subject for an artist to handle is a full length man doing nothing but standing for his portrait.

THE SPRING FASHIONS.

"'The Fashion' is always beautiful," said a fair elegante, whose butterfly life was passed in graceful prostrations to the capricious goddess. Madame," was the reply, "when one is young and possesses the beaute du diable." The proviso was evidently intended rather as an implied compliment to the gay dogmatist than a genuine effort to refute her assertion; and indeed, when we consider the enormities heretofore admired, and eagerly adopted, by persons of so-called good taste, only because heralded by the magical prestige of fashion, to do so with success would seem almost impossible. The fact is very plain that, raise a hue-and-cry as we will against any prevailing costume at its introduction, once fairly established the eye not only becomes reconciled to its grossest absurdities, but in the end admires themcriticising, if at all, only with a prescience of the judgment sure to be pronounced hereafter. In proof of this one has but to recall the leg-of-mutton sleeves of our revered foremothers each snowy arm enveloped in a down or feather contrivance to support their voluminous fullness; the enormous barrel-shaped bonnets, sporting whole forests of wire-be-stiffened ribbon bows and perpendicular plumes, resolutely repelling all suspicion of grace or becomingness; the "waists," now at the arm-pits, now in long pointed stomachers, as frightful as the other extreme was painful and unnatural; skirts, from peasant shortness to the cumbersome train, and from scanty gores, tightly drawn over the hips, to triangular, pocket," and farthingale hoops. Then the tower head dresses, the paint and patches; the sky-blue, green or yellow silk hose; the shoes, so high-heeled as often to deform the wearer; and yet these were, one and all in turn, admired and pertinaciously adhered to by the go-lightly daughters of one generation, and ridicaled by those of the next-themselves in pursuit of absurdities equally grotesque. Like other will o'the wisps of the day—enchanting the public vision with the dazzling flutter of their busy wings, leading all minds and fancies to follow unquestion ingly in their track, so that not till they suddenly 'go out" do men rub their troubled eyes and soberly measure the distance they have come and the folly they pursued-one can never hope to pronounce verdiet upon "the Fashion" till she is dead.

At first we all decried hoops and their whole family

"Supporters, posturs, farthingales, Above the loins to wear, That he she ne'er so slender, yet She cross-like seems four-square

We protested against a woman making a bell of her tout ensemble; implored her not to hang out her then flowing robes on the "outward wall" of a modified clothes-horse; not to make of her graceful proportions a thing of whalebone and whip-cords and natural disguisements." Now-well we are a little more reconciled to them. Araminta wears a hoop, and Araminta always has been and still is a favorit model and oracle with the world. They certainly do impart a stylish rotundity to some figures, serving very well to display ample flounces and-on the whole, unless it be a windy day, we find them much less abom inable; we must wait till next Spring, when they are laid low, for an ardent revival of the ridicule and animadversion which they truly deserve.

A few weeks ago Broadway awoke one morning and found herself shabby: velvets were and "not fit to wear;" the very odor of furs in the balmy sunshine stifled her; Winter trappings of all sorts were dark and heavy and intolerable. Forthwith did she array herself anew and brightly, in honor of and in sympathy with the new-born Spring; and to-day, in all her glory, she exhibits a pageant as brilliant as a masque, a ceaseless flutter of the gayest colors. Very little of the budding of trees, and caroling of birds, and peeping up of tender grass, heralds the Spring to the pitiable denizens of crowded, busy Gotham; and had it not been for this spontaneous burst of joyous raiment and gay shop-windows, we might very easily have forgotten to consult our almanaes, and still be unaware that the "etherial mildness" was already ripe upon us. Whatever that chance may have been the milliners and shop keepers are, as usual, on the qui vive, and on the 20th of last month made their unar imous declaration of the Spring Fashions for 1856.

To begin: the out of door head-gear this season is even more a fantastic cap and less a bonnet than ever. It consists of an utterly indescribable confusion of blende and ruckes, and ribbons and flowers, piled on, and heaped up, and flaunting out, till its original shape (if it had one) is completely hidden. The only striking alteration is in the extreme depth of the curtain, which droops low on the shoulders, as profusely deco rated with flowers, ribbon, tulle and what-not as the bounet. Leghorns which, like Cashmere and Canton-crape shawls, and a few other costly vanities, are always elegant and always fashionable, are in pe culiar favor: ostrich feathers, white, or the exact shade of the straw, have been considered their most suitable decoration; many, however, for Spring prefer very rich French flowers.

Upon the marvelous beauty of these latter ornaments we cannot expend too much admiration. Though their manufacture has been the favorite occupation of the almend eyed, " golden-lillied" belles of China since remotest antiquity, and aboriginal South-Americans ong ago produced the most elaborate imitations with the feathers of their tropical birds, Europeans, even the Greeks and Romans, with all their luxurious appliances and curious arts-were totally ignorant of it. Italy has the credit of making the first specimens, but it was left to France to bring it to perfection. At Paris and at Lyons there are many large establishments for artificial flower making, which employ hundreds of women, to whose dainty touch and nice discrimination of colors this delicate handicraft is admirably adaptedindeed the most velvety flogers and the most poetic fancy seem quite indispensable to the creation of the harming bouquets and garlands sent us this Spring.

A French satirist, intending to be very severe on eminine frailties, writes thus; " Alas! la mode has not even respected the daughters of the sun, and for there sweet divinities has substituted gross idols. Women dock their bair, their bats, and their borones with flowers; but they are flowers of lines, of skin, of paper-flowers without "Me, without perfune, insensible to the breath of Spring. Parteres are deserts, flower-gals are ignored, only in the dark and dusty shops of artificial flower merchants do our fine ladies bu their garlands and their bouquets; it is there out! 'profession i that even the bridal wreaths of our young vigins are manufactured! In the name of

"Heaven, Meedames, return to natural flowers; you

"have everything to gain by the change."

Very excellent and highly commendable in theory; but what if the "moraliste de mauraise humeur should see a hat trimmed, as he advises, au naturel, after a promenade in the morning sun, or ball-dress garlands scorched by flaming gaslights !

"Flowers" are very profusely used this season, the only decided novelty in the latest importations being, in our opinion, the least admirable—imitations of fruits. It is by no means uncommon to see, on the filmsiest of lace bonnet-furbelows, a tempting display of crab-apples, Murillo cherries, blackberries, currants, grapes, &c., which we cannot help thinking would fa tter grace a dessert service. Ribbons are very richly brocaded in bouquets a la Pompadour, or in lon wavy scoffops; some are in chine patterns, edged with feather or fringe trimming, and others with watered

centers bordered by broad satin stripes.

Walking, carriage, evening and ball dresses have all at least one feature in common—extreme voluminous-ness in the skirts; indeed that is quite necessary, worn as they are over crinoline underskirts or hoops. For promenade or carriage full dress, Moire antique, Lyons or Irish poplin, Gros-de-Tours and Taffets are the fa vorite materials; these are variously designed in brocaded or chine figures, plaids and broad stripes, and, with the exception of the first, almost always

flounced à disposition.

Black continues to be a fashionable fancy street costume, and, indeed, nothing can be more elegant, er more becoming, to the stylish, embonpoint women who usually adopt it, about whom everything is obviously uncertain except their age. The display of thinner Spring goods-Summer silks, baréges, organdies, mousselines delaine, Foulards, chalis, grenadines, and tissues-is confined as yet to the show windows, and counters of our dry-goods houses. Some of the richest barége robes have flounces in very elaborate Cashmere or arabesque patterns; others are worked with colored chenille, forming wreaths of flowers in their natural tints, the rest of the dress being some subdued color, constituting an admirable background; the designs of muslins and organdies, many of them à disposition, are exceedingly delicate and of real artistic merit.

Basques, which seemed on the point of "going out" a few months ago, have revived with additional attractiveness; corsages a la basque are quite universally preferred; they are made longer than heretofore and decorated profusely with deep, heavy laces, tasselled fringes, and bugle or feather trimmings. These, in velvet ornamented with deep guipure or Chantilly lace, form very stylish and agreeable outside garments

while the weather continues cool. There is no perceptible change in the fashion of morning dresses; indeed none is desirable, since the patterns in vogue at present combine comfort, elegance and that indescribable grace which has rendered this, in all times, the most bewitching of feminine toilettes. For the approaching warm weather a very attractive style of negligée is formed of fine French cambrics in solid colors-blue, pink, 'lac and pale buff-graduated vines in white lin - does being embroidered, more or less elaborately, on the fronts, around the loosely hanging sleeves and the coquettish little collar. Fine white jaconet cambrics, trimmed with graduated ruffles of the same, bound with pale blue or pink cambric, extending from the shoulder to the edge of the skirt, are singularly becoming in their lady-like simplicity, at the same time of trifling expense-a consider ation not to be sneered at in these days, when extravagant expend ture seems almost neces sary to the proper furni hing of a lady's wardrobe The Spring styles of the pretty slippers to be worn with these robes-de-chambre are "ravishing"-as the French say-in their coquetry. The most novel are of silk, the color to correspond with the robe, cut à la sandale, and trimmed with buttons; others are in applique, silk under French kid as delicate as that of a glove—besides a great variety ornamented with lace and ribbon bows or quillings. Those ladies who doat on antiquities will find a musty treasure "turned up" in the form of plain black slippers with the historical gilt buckle. Even at the risk of being accused of pedantry, we cannot forbear delighting such of this class as are ignorant of it, with the important fact that buckles on the shoes were "the fashion" as early as the Fourteenth century.

Ball dresses are very decolleté. (We are so grateful to the polite nation for this convenient adjective; "low-necked" is a low term, and, by being maliciously accented on the last syliable, may be made to reflect too sharply upon the taste, if not the morals, of our republican countrywomen). The two-or-three year-old fashion, of boddices pointed on the back and front, is revived. Heavy silk, brocaded in gorgeous bouquets on white or colored grounds, and moire antique, are the materials most suitable for persons no longer in the bloom of youth. Berthas and flounces of rich acc are favorite adoruments for these, though a profusion of ornament on such costly fabrics is obviously in bad taste. Tulle or tarlatane is the chosen evening toilette for very young ladies, or those who wish to be so considered. These aerial robes have three or more skirts, immensely full, with narrow ribbons, velvet disposed in fanciful designs, or wreaths of flowers, heading the broad hem of each. Crape and glace silks, flounced with, first, as many ruffles as possible of the same, then each one covered with ce or blonde or tulle, and again surmounted by ribbons, flowers or jewels, or all three together, form another style more profitable to the dressmaker than becoming to the wearer.

The head-dresses to accompany these flaunting abomininations are usually of flowers, and most beautiful; they are worn encircling the head, or in bouquets at each side, with long trailing sprays falling over the shoulders. Others consist of jewels, marabout feathers, Alercon lace; while a more povel arrangement, of very brilliant Indian tissue scarfs entwined & la Sultana with a coronet of curiously braided hair, is very be-

coming to some. The rew importations of mantelets to supersede heavy Winter wrappings, are unequaled for the variety and grace of their designs and decorations. They are, of ourse, in all colors, to correspond with or in contrast to the walking-dress; we, however, in all instances give preference to the black; these are made of moire antique, velvet or heavy silk, and black lace. The latter material is used profusely in their composition, and nothing could be said more in their favor. A re markable feature in these new garments is the shawl shape in which we find many of the most beautiful After all the aching of French brains and the " Mon Dieus" consequent upon the semi yearly influx of these complicated compositions, nothing can be more graceful than the old shawl form, which never is "old" and of which one never tires. There are, besides, an endess assortment of Spring shawls and scarfs; of the fermer those most generally worn have centers of solid colors, with Stella borders; those in black, though not o suitable for Spring, are decidedly the most stylish.

We are sorry to say that to gain a correct idea of e promenade "at home," and visiting costume of ery young ladies (there are no "little girls" now a ys), it is simply necessary to look at their fashion plate Mamma's through the wrong end of one's lorg nette. Nothing could more plainly evince a corrup taste in dress than the countenancing of these perso bulating parodics. Enwrapped, mnnmy-like, in velvet looks or walking dresses, expensive laces, flounced silk robes, feathers and costly furs, have the baby belies tottled about all Winter; and those trappings are laid saide now, only for a new outfit, the miniature counterpart of Mamma's Spring finery. Happily, for young ladies still younger—we mean those who cannot yet tottle about—the fishions, though of worseless strayagance, are exceedingly tasteful; cloaks of fine licate bacd cashmere, very long and full-the upper capes elegantly aderned with broad moire-antique r minings and finished with heavy tasseled fringesare universally worn; while for warmer days the same garment fashioned of white French Marseiller and trimmed with righly-embroidered bands, is by

it the poettiest shild a wrapping we have seen

zette, the crowning beauty of an exquisite toilette, is not considered so indispensable as formerly; there are some, however, who adhere to it through every change of style. Collars for evening wear are usually of lace and quite wide, some forming points on the back and shoulders; those for promenade costume are much smaller; in fact the fashion of very large collars is already extinct. The lace or muslin manchettes are adorned with bands of narrow black velvet or ribbons of bright colors; a very tasteful and inexpensive style is made of puffings of tulle, trimmed in the same manner and edged with lace-many of the newest importations have wristbands close to the hand. Lace capes, so fashionable some years since, bid fair to become as popular as then, for Summer or at home" evening dresses; those of French embroidery trimmed with Valenciennes, being thicker, are more suitable for ladies of a certain age; many are made of a thin lace or Brussels net, having on the edge a double row of lace to correspond, with long rounded tabs to cross at the waist with a knot of rib bon the color of the dress. Basques of fine Swiss muslin, richly embroidered and edged with laces of various kinds, bid fair to be very popular; a very coquettish little garment of this sort, to wear with decollete robes, is made of black silk net, covered with rows of narrow velvet edged with blonde, placed lengthwise to the waist-the flounce of the basque being decorated transversely in the same manner, and finished on the edge with a fall of deep lace-the sleeves to correspond. There has been a decided effort to introduce black lace in the composition of collars, sleeves, &c , to be worn with colors; but this style is suited to so few that it will scarcely be successful. The combination of black and white laces, on bonnets, fichus, head-dresses and trimmings of every kind, has

been unaccountably popular, since it is simply bizarre,

with no pretension to becomingness or elegance.

In merely remarking upon the extravagance of dec-

oration lavished on the unseen beautiful mysteries of

feminine array, we are compelled to condemn it, but wholly from a strict sense of duty. Never was there feminine folly we could half so easily forgive. It is, therefore, a source of congratulation to us that we can recall many prominent examples of this love of luxurious linen to defend our women from the charge of originsting an evident prodigality. For instance, Queen Elizabeth wore, not only the purple of royalty, but fine linen, of which, as a novel luxury, she was quite as vain, having the sleeves of her smocks made long, to be displayed at the wrist. Furthermore, Pepys, in his famous "Diary," records, in May, 1662: wife and I to my Lord's lodging, where she and I staid walking in Whitehall Garden, and in the Privygarden saw the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, laced with rich lace at the bettem, that ever I saw, and did me good to lock of them." The extravagant expenditure of a certain dainty Countess of Antrim, one item of whose linen draper's account was twenty four yards of superfine Irish linen at the enormous price of forty shillings per yard was duly chronicled; and all the world knows the extreme aversion Anne of Austria entertained for coarse textures about her person, and her wise Cardinal's remark thereupon. We forbear all beyond a simple allusion: a descrip tion of these exquisite articles, for which we have so tender a respect, is, happily for our modesty, and urhappily for the degeneracy of the age, quite unnecessary, since the most sacred of their snowy company are exposed as signs at shop-windows, to be stared at by unblushing passers on a crowded thoroughfare.

THE PERILS OF KANSAS TRAVEL.

We yesterday received a call from our friend Samu-el Taylor, of New-York City, who has been spending some time in Kansas. He went out there with proel Taylor, of New-York City, who has been spending some time in Kansas. He went out there with pro-Slavery proclivities, so he says, but the treatment which he received at the hands of the Border Rufflans on his way home has changed his views, and he now discovers the importance of securing that country to Freedom. He was mistaken, for once in his life, for a great man; and the rewards of greatness, under the circumstances, came very near being the death of him. He tells his own story something after this manner. He took the steamer Omaha at the City of Leaveuworth, for St. Louis. Gov. Robinson and Gen. Lane had taken passage on the same boat, on their way to Washington. The trip went along very well until the boat reached Brunswick, Missouri, when the spies, who now infest the steamers, to seent out the Abolitionists, as they call them, discovered that Governor Robinson was on board, but had not the means of identifying him. The fact that the Governor of Kansas was there, was communicated on shore, when a party headed by a son of the Governor of Missouri boarded the boat and made search for him. Soon after, Taylor was pointed out to them as the Governor, he bearing some alight personal resemblance to him. This was sufficient; he was reized and dragged on shore, in spite of his protestation that he was no Governor. There he found in waiting for him a rope and other implements belonging to the Court of Judge Lynch. The rabble in waiting for him a rope and other implements be-longing to the Court of Judge Lynch. The rabble which had collected on shore demanded that he should be hung at once as a d—d Abolitionist, and prepara-tions for such an accomplishment seemed to be going on with more rapidity than was pleasant to our frie who desired to see his friends in the Empire State once more. He produced papers to prove his identity. The first was a letter from the Hon. Taos. Corwin of Ohio. That was sufficient-Corwin was an Abo-itionist and so was he. He ought to be hung for litionist and so was he. He ought to be hand to knowing Tom Corwin. Finally, he produced a paper from Robert J. Walker and some Western Governor, and that seemed to satisfy the Missonrians that they had got "the wrong pig by the ear" this time. He was permitted to return on board, thankful for a longer lease of life, and glad when the boat shoved off and was once more under way.

was once more under way.

This is but one of the innumerable instances that occur on the route between the Free States and Kanoccur on the route between the Free States and Kansas, where personal rights are outraged by a lawless mob. The Slave Prodagandists can travel with their slaves and their rifles unmolested, but a free man has no guarantee of protection from insult, and perhaps death, from the moment he steps on board a Mississippi steamer until he reaches his point of destination. The Missourians have determined, if possible, to force Slavery into Kansas at all hazards, and the Administration has determined to aid the attempt.

PROGRESS OF POPULATION.-The following table exhibits the aggregate results of the Census of 1855 in

| comparison o | f the same wil |
|---|--|
| | |
| 0. Pop. 185 835,192 251,117 | 5. Inc. ia 5 year 8.24 per ce 20.51 per ce |
| 110,725 935,790 | 26,62 per ce 3.19 per ce 45,97 per ce |
| 325,014 1,133,123 | 69.09 per ce 13.97 per ce |
| 569,499 3,479,859 | .23,09 per ce 16,33 per ce 12,03 per ce |
| 100000000000000000000000000000000000000 | 80.80 per ce Av. 19.66 per ce |
| | 0. Pop. 185 835,192 253,117 110,725 835,600 1,242,917 325,614 1,133,123 5'9,774 569,440 |

Beside the above, the States of California, Ohio and Virginia had each a census in 1855; but of these no returns have come to hand. The population of Cansas in 1855 was 8,521, and of Nebraska 4,565. Oregon will take a census immediately, and previous to its applying for admission into the Union; it is suppesed to have co,000 inhabitants. Should the whole United States have increased in a

ratio equal to the above, (say 20 per cent) the population, which in 1850 was 23,191,876, in 1855 would be 7,820,251, or an increase in 5 years of 4,638,375 souls Immigration in the 5 years, 1850-55, has added about 1,800,000, or two fifths of the increase, and, with

subsequent offspring, probably a full half. This source of supply having new almost ceased, we cannot expect a proportionate progress during the current half,

ROBBERT AND ARSON.—At Reamstown, Penn., a short time since, a robber called at the house of a farmer, and demanded \$50, threatening to burn the farmer, and demanded \$50, threatening to burn the farmer's barn if the money were not forthcomis in unclintely. The farmer's son attempted to shoot the farmer is son attempted to shoot the farmer is son attempted to shoot the farmer and his son were too frighten to go out, for fear the man would noursier them, at therefore three valuable horses, 200 sheep, and hends of far earthe were destroyed. On investigating the body of a man was discovered in the ruins, with the body of a man was discovered in the rains, with dirk krite in his belt. It is supposed that there we three or four man, and while one went for the ment the others set the bare on fire, and while in the set enting the bare one of them received a violent kritem across old house, and therefore he could not g away, and was burned to death.

BRITAIN. HOW THE PEACE IS RECEIVED. From Our Own Correspondent.
LONDON, Taesday, April 1, 1856. Of course, the great event here is the Peace which everybody is talking of, though with much

variety of opinion. The arrival of the news was

quite a scene in its way. Sunday had gone off as our Sundays do-the upper classes dull and decorous-the middle duller still, but not less decorous -the lower making a holiday of it for the most part. and swarming away to the suburbs to enjoy the sun, which is at last beginning to make itself felt. We have had a terrible east wind lately, searching one's corpus like cold steel; so when the Spring sun set, the bright starry night was sharp and win try. London was settling down into its huge calm when boom! boom! went Park and Tower gans. and the population turned into the streets to listen. to chatter, to wonder, and to be amused. The sailors in hundreds of craft were awakened from their first sleep on the river by the thunder from the gloomy old Tower, and everybody knew that the Peace had been signed. All the bells set off at daylight like awakening birds; and, by an unhappy coincidence—there was to be an execution. So, such a crowd as I suppose only London (and London on such a morning) could produce, assembled at the Old Bailey. By a still more un happy accident this execution proved unusually horrible. Our hangman is an old man, you see— like mest of our officials—and his nerves being shakey he did his office ill. The criminal (who had murdered a wife and three children at one swoop) struggled so for life that he had to be four swoop) struggled so for life that he had to be four times cast off the scaffold, among yells that suggested Pandemonium, from the thousands around. When all was over at last, away poured our crowd to hear Peace declared—fresh from the foot of the gallows to the Stock Exchange. The city, meanwhile, was abroad for the purpose; and when the Lord Mayor came forward and read the official appropriate from Government, there was natannouncement from Government, there was nat-urally much excitement and no little cheering. It still, a show is a show. We have not many public gatherings to give us the peculiar thrill of a common sensation in a mass, and the emotion was natural. Nevertheless there has not been the experiment of the sense thusiasm-there have not been the illuminations which some may have expected. whole, the British public has received Peace and her olive with frigid politeness. We make her ladyship a bow-but we are very quiet about it. For many of us don't exactly feel ourselves entitled to wear the said olive as a crown, though it is a pretty Christian plant enough and we have no right to refuse it.

I think there is a vague, dumb kind of disap-pointment among the people—as if we had hardly done enough. No doubt we are very, very proud of Alma and Inkermann, ("Alma" cottages, coffeebouses, &c., are springing up everywhere, and I suppose our soldiers will be cheered deaf when they land. But then there has been the Redan failure and the fall of Kars, and we have a commission of inquiry to come off about people's conduct—and we had a notion that we were now at last in perfect trim and going tremendously to work, had the business lasted. "Another year, work, had the business lasted. Sir," observed my barber to me, lately, "we might have had another year!" I am speaking, you see, of the people, strictly so called. Among the "upper classes" there can be little doubt a hearty satisfacclasses there can be little doubt a heat yet tion prevails. The war was dangerous—night be revolutionary—was liable to excite internal disor-der—was paving the way for future troubles here by its vast expense, and, in fact, had best be

stopped. It was not one of those games which, we're their subjects wise, Kings would not play at,"

as Cowper described wars, and as war was when the "House of Bourbon" fought with the "House of Hapsburgh," and not nation with nation. It is significant of the times, that the people fought eagerly here, and the Kings did not half like it. There lies a whole world of change in that one fact.

It will be three weeks yet, (so says Palmerston -he speke last night when the House met after and the terms laid before us. But, says P., there is little doubt that all will be considered satisfactory. Russia (we suppose from this) has conceded in the matter of the Black Sea, Nicolaief, the Principalities, and left Turkey as secure as treaties can make her. As our Ministers were rather interested than otherwise in carrying on the warthe war having done for Palmerston personally more than it has for any other statesman—I see no present reason to doubt that the ratifications will prove as satisfactory as people expect; though as I have said before, enthusiastic satisfaction is not felt and need not be expected. I place some re-liance on The Times, likewise, and its apparent satisfaction. For The Times would have carried on the war if it could-it has been violent and vehement about it all along; has been growling at Napoleon for his determined peacefulness, and lately ing on the sufferings of the French in the enlarg-Had there been a real opening for breaking off with a good pretext and a loud roar, The Times would have done it before this. I conclude, then, tnat it doesn't see its way to such doings, and it is now wonderfully moral and philosophic, and par-

sonic, on the subject of war generally. The ver-

satility and adaptability of that print is wonderful, and those who don't like it admit its admira-

ble management of John Bull.

We are now looking to our Parliament again for interest and amusement. We are to have Sir E. Bulwer Lytton on the American question shortly, and very clever he will be, I doubt not. He is acting now with the Derby Tories, so you must not expect such a "liberal" effusion as America would have excited from him in the old days, and you must bear in mind that he is bound to take such a view of it as will first of all injure the Govment, and only secondarily meet the question. But injure the Government he will, and there is a talk now that Pam must be got rid of, as a firebrand, at any price. His object, meanwhile, of course, is to make the difficulty with your Gorernment a national question—a question between us and you—whereas an obstinate public will look at it as a question between him and you. I may tell you, in limine, that as to expec with America or looking on it as a probable thing -that next to nobody does-though every body recognizes the importance of the po-sition, and the relations between the two countries are much talked of, gener-ally. When the question came first up-and the reports of your District Courts were pub-lished the executions of Hertz were puerly lished here—the assertions of Hertz were pretty generally thought conclusive against our Govern ment. We all considered that the Government had done wrong and was going to atone for it the best way it could. But now our Government has charged its ground. We are now told that the statements made by Hertz are denied by Mr. Crampton; that the violation of law in the recruiting matter was no violation of law at all, and so forth. So much I gather from what is published on the subject in papers more or less en rapport with the authorities. But Lord Palmerston has

lately told the country that it has not yet the papers to judge from, and when the debates begin I shall be better able to define his position. In the interim, as it is my business to tell you what is going on of that which newspapers only imperfectly represent. I may say that the Government have managed to bring people more round to their view than they were some months since. The Times, which once only recommended a decent amande-has lately justified what it did not (as far as one has lately justified what it aid not tas the would be could see) once think justifiable. And it would be wrong to omit saying that one sees symptoms of wrong to omit saying that one sees. However, this policy a having met with success. However, supposing the Ministry bent on going to extremities, I think it will probably fall on this very question. There can be no wish on the part of mest statesmen to go to war with America if they can help it, because they know that the anti-cespotic feeling which made two-thirds of the repularity of the Russian war, would not be with them, but quite the centrary, in such a case. Be-

able to carry on his ministry much beyond the re-